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SHIELD & WARD



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INTEGRITY



THIS ISSUE:
**THE
CROSS**

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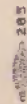
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EDITORIAL

NOW IT'S this way. If you want your Christianity without the Cross, and take instead to do-gooding or mystical feelings (whether in the name of Christ or not) the whole world will become obsessed with the need of redemption—like the child with a calcium deficiency, who takes to eating the plaster off the wall; or the sinner who will not face guilt and cannot wash his body enough; or the tense man with the superficial control, who breaks out all over in a rash; or the proletarian masses whose very humanity is denied them and who are ready any day to break out in mob violence.

We forgot man had to be redeemed, that is ransomed, that he'd got himself in a mess from which he was really powerless to arise. We knew it was a mess he was in, but we thought he could pull himself out—by education, by hygiene, by national self-determination, by a higher standard of living, by trade unions, by wonder drugs and atomic energy. Suffering increased. We redoubled our efforts to eliminate it (tomorrow), or deaden it (today).

Science and technology will not save us, but suffering can if it becomes not simply suffering, but the Cross. Both hurt, but one is rejected (and so embitters), the other is accepted *in union with Christ* (not just stoically) and so becomes a part of His Passion, a bit of the ransom of the human race.

This issue of *Integrity* is about the Cross, but naturally not all about it. Lent and penance is part of the subject. Suffering is a great bit of it. What may puzzle our readers at first is the relevance of humanism. But humanism is a doctrine of the self-redemption of man, of salvation without the Cross.

In a book by Arthur Koestler there is told how the very mention of a special torture chamber in a Soviet prison made the bravest men tremble. Yet no one could tell what went on there. It turned out that in this room each man met what he hated and feared most (an open attack by a rat, in the case of the hero of this book). It might be a little thing in itself, but it was the worst possible torture for the victim.

Koestler's torture chamber is like a caricature of the Cross. Each man's cross is made to measure. It is the thing he dreads most, because it is the instrument by which alone he can die to himself, so as to find a higher life. For some it is humiliation, for

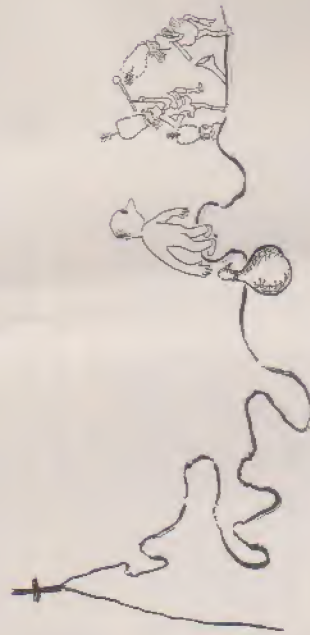
others material deprivation, for still others the patient acceptance of a physical deformity, or the pain of illness, or the loss of someone loved, or the life-long gracious endurance of a marriage too hastily contracted. Lesser sufferings and voluntary penances strengthen us for our own crucifixion, but it is in our crosses that we shall find our redemption.

And so it will be with the modern world. There is plenty of suffering that goes along with material ambition and secularism (like having your hair pulled while getting a permanent wave or riding the subway to a plush job or enduring the delay in the coming of color television). It won't help. But the hardship attendant on having too many children (as the world figures), or of trying to live in the country for the sake of a more spiritual life, or of poverty endured for a Christian cause or in imitation of Christ, or the labors of the apostolate, all these mean something. And there will come a time when some sort of collective change of heart will have to take place, when we shall have to shoulder national crosses of our own making. Then if we do it as a penance and in retribution a new day will be dawning.

* * *

At this time we wish to thank those of our readers who responded so generously to our Catholic Press Month appeal for subscriptions, and names of people who would be interested in hearing about *Integrity*. We deeply appreciate their help and co-operation.

THE EDITOR



With knapsacks squarely shouldered

We aim to make the grade

And yet we blithely toss them off,

To watch a gay parade.

Lent and the Family

Holy Mother Church is a very wise mother. She is determined that her children shall grow up. And it is in the manner of ushering us through spiritual childhood and into spiritual maturity that she designs her two penitential seasons. At Bethlehem, after a season of preparation through Advent, we must be as little children, simple, pure, full of faith, kneeling to adore the Child Who comes to be our King. With Lent, we reach the stage of the great growing up. We have rejoiced at the manger; we have seen Him manifest at the Epiphany; we have witnessed the spilling of His infant blood at the Circumcision; we have saluted Him as the light of the Gentiles at the Purification. Lulled into sweet security, we followed Him to Nazareth and the idyll of His growing up, unmindful that "I must be about My Father's business" could have meaning for anyone but Him. We have attended the marriage feast at Cana, and warmed with the domestic quality of that miracle, we heard His mother say: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye," and were too blind, too complacent to hear in her quiet voice anything but a directive to a handful of servants. There is a jarring note on Septuagesima: "The groans of death surrounded me, the sorrows of hell encompassed me." The Church warns—but we delay. There is time, there is time—we will not go begging for trouble.

"Thou Art Dust"

And it is because, left to our own devices, we would live forever in the never-never land of procrastination, that the Church forces us to our knees on Ash Wednesday, and with a dirty smudge on the forehead repeats the brutal formula: "Remember, man, thou art dust and to dust thou shalt return."

The last ironic words of God the Father to Adam, before He closed the gates of paradise, are our indictment: "Behold Adam is become as one of us, knowing good and evil . . ."

No one is excepted. Hear the words of the epistle on Ash Wednesday:

Blow the trumpet in Sion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather together the people, sanctify the Church, assemble the ancients, gather together the little ones, and them that suck at the breasts, let the bridegroom go forth from his bed and the bride out of her bridechamber. . . .

A friend writes: "We could not get to Mass or devotions for the ashes, so we burned the palms and performed the ceremony at home. It is a strange feeling, kneeling there with your children and having your beloved say over you, 'Thou art dust . . .'"

No one is excepted. No husband, no wife, no child, no babe in arms, and unless we see ourselves first of all as souls bound for Heaven or Hell, then all the living and loving within the circle of the human family is merely dust begetting dust. Now, rudely, love must be recast, and the mother whose child is marked with a reminder of his corruptibility must remember that this fragrant flesh she loves so much will one day decay, this pulse be still, this body she nourishes and washes and clothes will end up as rattling bones in a box. All this is dust. Only the soul lives forever—living forever with God, or dying forever without Him. Now the mother for her child, and the husband for his wife, the sister for the brother, each one for each other, must desire one thing only and above all else for those they love—death rather than mortal sin. Christ died for us once, and redeemed us, yet we are still free to reject redemption. Only by dying to ourselves will we be safe in life in Him—so we must walk the way of His Cross and learn how to die.

Once again, with marvelous mathematics, Holy Church has telescoped the thirty-three years of life of the Son of God and is showing us how at last we forced His hand. Love, Who was born at Bethlehem, is grown—it is time we faced what we have done to Him. Each of us, at the beginning of Lent, is like the herdsman who rejoiced at the birth of the new lamb, who gathered it in his arms and crooned a thanksgiving that such a perfect beast should be born to his flock. Then, as the lamb grew in perfection and beauty, the season of the Pasch drew nigh. And slowly it dawned on the herder that the victim he must choose to sacrifice for his own sin must be this lamb that he loves. Now we, as he, must be filled with the same self-loathing—for we are about to slay the lamb we have loved.

Mortification

The family is a religious community of its own kind, and the fruitfulness of its life together will be the more abundant, the more it lives this communion, corporately celebrating the great feasts and the great fasts, corporately applying restrictions, mortifications, to the whole family as well as to each individual. So it is with gratitude that the family must respond to the Church when she commands us to carry the Cross during Lent. The mortifica-

tion of desserts, the darkened television set, the silent radio, the absence from public entertainments—every family will know which is its particular indulgence and in what lies the most perfect renunciation. *Grace works*—and mercifully many a family will discover in the effort to fill the void left in entertainmentless evenings, that the adventures of Francis and Dominic, Damien and Therese, all the others, are a formidable threat to Hope and Berle. Tracing the history of sacrifice through the Old Testament can be as challenging to agile minds as bridge and canasta, with a far greater reward—a new and more profound understanding of the Mass.

Because the outstanding individual faults within the family are no secret anyway, there is nothing quite so well-calculated to encourage the mortification of individual faults as a family conclave where, without coercion, each one willingly admits his flaw above all other flaws, undertakes to mortify it during Lent, and asks the others to help him with their prayers and their patience. I shall not forget for a long time the corporately held breath in this family when mother announced that she would try with all the grace at her disposal *not to raise her voice during Lent*. Well they know the effort this will take! But in a rush of generosity to match this excruciating discipline, each in turn admitted to his greatest weakness, until father outshone all with his determination not to roar, not even to moan, when morning mayhem disturbs his sleep.

Fruits of Fasting

Six weeks, however, is a long time to persevere in the business of penance and sacrifice, so it helps the children and grown-ups alike if there is some tangible evidence of accomplishment. In the first Lenten Gospel, Our Lord speaks of the fruits of fasting as treasure laid up in Heaven—a wise place to lay your treasure. He says, for where the treasure is, there is the heart also. So each of these professed mortifications, as well as all the small, secret mortifications to be added to them, can be counted out in beans, and watching the store of beans in a jar grow from day to day gives many a fainting heart the courage to endure. Beans are a particularly nice symbol because they are small seeds which, buried in the earth to die, will bring forth much fruit, and if the beans are dyed purple, they look fittingly penitential.

Prayer

If it is impossible for the family to attend daily Mass during Lent, then the prayers of the Mass can be part of daily devotion at home, either before grace at the principle meal, or woven in with

the evening devotions. But it is in the Stations of the Cross that each one will find his most poignant source of inspiration, although here again, especially for children, there must be more than just an endurance of bobbings up and down and repeated formulas. A wedding of the Stations with the drama of Tenebrae helps to plumb the depth of His sorrow and abandonment, and all that is needed is the indulgent Crucifix, pictures of the Stations, and thirteen candles in a homemade candelabrum. Twelve candles are lit at the beginning and as each Station is passed a candle is extinguished, until with the twelfth Station the last candle is snuffed out and we watch Him taken down from the Cross and laid in the tomb with the full sense of the darkness which spread over the world. All during the long weeks of Lent, during the Passion with Him, the thirteenth candle is left unlit, then Holy Week it is decorated as the family's Paschal candle, complete even with five small cloves, like the little pegs of incense that stud the Paschal candle to be burned on the altar. Holy Saturday, at high noon, in the joy of triumph, the Paschal candle is lit and it burns at the principle meal thereafter through the Feast of Pentecost.

The House Speaks of Lent

The house, too, must speak of Lent, so the mantle is stripped of all adornment and the Crucifix alone is a stark and lonely reminder of what we are about these forty days. Even the bread speaks of Lent, with crosses of poppy seeds or sprinklings of caraway, because seed has always been the symbol of that death which goes before resurrection to life. And pie crusts, too, speak of Lent, with steam and juices escaping from vents that form the Crown of Thorns, or the nails and the spear; blessed with holy water, the Lenten bakings are placed in the oven and fire, like the ordeals of the flesh, brings them to perfection.

All the outward symbols are important because we need to keep before our eyes tangible reminders of the terrible price with which our Beloved bought us. But they are meaningless if they do not move the soul to an ever deeper understanding of the Cross, an ever deeper desire to embrace it. And it is the frustration of a soul tucked away in the humdrum surroundings of domestic life to observe that nowhere within reach is there anything that can really match His agony of scourging and crowning, hanging and dying. With exquisite envy, one would wish to be dying for His sake in some far-off prison, or driven down a road at the hands of some Red mob. What has a kitchen, a nursery, a laundry

to offer that will match the road to Calvary? Nothing—because nothing will ever match that, but we are placed where we are because He has designed a Calvary for us out of such mundane things as these, and He says to us: "Die here—and you will find Me."

Death to Self

To a young wife there is death to fastidiousness in the hands with which she scours a greasy sink and picks up the loathesome garbage collected over the drain. To a husband there is death to the senses as he retches over the cleaning of his wife's garbage pail. There is death to a child when he silently accepts the abuse of children in a schoolyard and refuses to run and tattletale; and there is death to a teen-ager who, in the face of her scandalized friends, foregoes wearing lipstick during Lent. Saint Therese ate with a dirty spoon when it was laid at her place. Damien loaned his pipe to the lepers. Mother Seton drank coffee made of dried carrot shavings. This, too, is the Cross. Because this is the most secret of all the deaths—this is the dregs. Horrible, nasty, revolting, humiliating—death comes in little ways daily, in silence, in endurance, in grinding, uninspired effort, in all the things we don't want to do, the particular things He has given us to do. It is this hodge-podge of distasteful, sometimes even ridiculous, things that we can fit together to make a Cross.

We can rededicate ourselves in humility and self-abasement by imitating Our Lord when He washed the feet of His Apostles that Holy Thursday night, before the Last Supper. There are few acts more profoundly moving for a mother and father than to kneel before each of their children with a basin and a cloth, wash their feet and tell of how Peter, always so impulsive in his professions of love, begged that if washing his feet was to be a sign of union with Christ, then not only his feet must be washed, but his head and his hands also.

Silence

And Good Friday is the time for silence. This is easier if the family has practised silence for at least five minutes daily all during Lent (and even five minutes is difficult for children together). Then it can be a part of our sharing His Passion during the long hours from noon until three, and that hour will strike with each one understanding more poignantly than ever before that now "it is finished."

The Reward of It All

Would that Holy Saturday had twice the hours of any other day, there is so much to do. First, Mass, then home to set the Easter coffee cakes and decorate the eggs, with all the symbols of the Resurrection, not forgetting that each member of the family must have an egg decorated with the symbols of his patron saints. And finally, most exciting of all, the jar of sacrificial beans plays its final part in the culmination of forty days dying. The beans are poured out and divided equally, and each portion is poured in a small gold sack (the kind you find at the five-and-ten with chocolate coins inside)—and here is the symbol of the treasure stored in Heaven. Later that night, when the children are asleep, these will be tied to small gifts so the significance of reward is unmistakable, and tucked in Easter baskets ready for the great egg hunt Easter morning.

Because there is the probability that Easter morning the excitement of Mass, the festive breakfast, hunting for eggs, all the rest, will make such an overpowering claim on everyone's attention, the story of the last glorious act of the Redemption must be told the night before—the sad procession of the holy women at dawn, their fear at the empty tomb, the shattering announcement of the angel: "He is not here—*He is risen!*" And poor Mary, the Penitent, still unable to understand, walks in despair in the garden wondering, "Where have they taken my Lord?" It is with terrible significance that we understand at last why He should appear to her first—the Lamb, sacrificed for sinners. I have seen children, all ready for bed, sit silently and listen to the story of that sublime moment, and when He turned, looked at her, and said, simply, "Mary . . .," I have seen their eyes wet with tears.

It is one of the marks of achievement in an age of progress that the Feast of the Redemption is marked by more empty heads under fancy hats, than overflowing hearts before an empty tomb. But if Lent, for the Christian family, is a deliverance and not merely an endurance, Easter will be celebrated in the name of the triumphant Christ, and not in the name of the triumphant milliner. Easter is not new clothes, not eggs, not bunnies, not baskets—but the risen Christ, Who has thrown open the gates of Heaven, so once more sinners are free.

MARY REED NEWLAND

The Gift

I am sitting a long time silent
Where faiths and voices fail
Scratching with a broken staff
On rock that tells no tale.
Never again will words betray me,
Never again their nets hold this heart.
It is better to be strange and quiet
To bear laughter and walk apart.
But even to you I cannot speak
As I did once with golden phrase.
We talk of ordinary things
And live our ordinary days.

Yet there are moments when song tempts me
To soften the harsh meanings, to fly again
On wings of words against the harsh weathers
Of life, to cry for comfort in the nightbound pain,
But when I come to love I must be still.
Better be dumb than give our holy trust
To some poor song that has so little being
And while we dream it is already dust.

O pitiable gift! Yet surely surely
There is something more attuned
To the need for tokens between lovers
To soothe what cannot heal, this mortal wound,
Yes I remember ages ago, ages
Before words were my Calvaries in God's design
There was one gift fit for love eternal—
You promised me His Cross, and you took mine.

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

The Cross — Our Only Hope

Even the small child suffers.

He suffers because adults run his world, and he must conform to the things they think important. He must conform to the rules which they have set. He suffers because they inflict cleanliness and order upon him. The child squirms and screams and wriggles from his mother's grasp as she is trying to wash his ears, or get the stubborn dirt from off his hands. He howls as the medicine "to make him all better" is thrust down his resisting throat.

He suffers because so many of the things he thinks attractive are on the forbidden list. The road where the cars go whizzing by lures him on, and just as he gets to the gate to venture forth an adult hand yanks him back. He gets into his mother's sewing box and finds her nice sharp scissors, but they are snatched from him in a hurry and a firm voice says, "no, no."

The child suffers because he gets himself into painful situations. He throws his toys out of his play pen and then howls because he wants them back again. He has just learned to crawl up the stairs, and he cries because once up he doesn't know how to get down.

He suffers because there are other human beings on this earth. The small boy has just built a house out of blocks and his baby sister toddles over and swiftly demolishes it. Without any major problem of sibling rivalry or emotional insecurity, the child still knows moments of unhappiness caused by the people in his family.

The child suffers when he has been naughty. He knows he has done something he is not supposed to do, and he feels the effect of his parents' wrath. The active little boy, as the worst punishment in his experience, is condemned to sit still upon a chair for a full five minutes.

Suffering and Life

It seems to me that all the sufferings of life can be reduced to these basic ones. The childhood pains find their parallel in adult life. Suffering and the Cross do not develop suddenly in later years. They are there in germ form as the new-born baby fights his way out of his mother's womb. "All creation is in travail even until now," and even in the happiest childhood there are foreshadowings of what is to come.

Suffering, since the fall of Adam and Eve, is an inevitable characteristic of the life of men on earth, and with or without explanation, it comes into every man's days in one form or another.

That is not to imply that there is something fatal or fatalistic about suffering. In treating of it, we already have the basic answer of Christ and His Cross to give it meaning, to give it value, to give us consolation and support.

But the fact is that suffering is a problem for every man to wrestle with. There are answers to it, but in a sense every man must discover them for himself. The textbooks can give no experimental knowledge of the Cross, and sermons and wise words cannot make us penetrate the mystery of suffering. Each of us has to learn it for himself; to seek and to find the answer to suffering in intimacy with the Cross of Christ.

Why then an article on the Cross? Why then an attempt to give answers to a problem when God must solve it for each one in the depths of his soul?

This article does not attempt to give the conclusive answer, nor will it outline a facile way to bear the Cross. All it can do—and if it succeeds in doing it, it will fulfill my dearest hopes—is to indicate the direction in which we are to look if we would penetrate the meaning of suffering. It will attempt to show that suffering is not *irrational*—not that that will solve our problem or teach us in a practical way how to stand pain and trial, but because if we once grasp the idea that the Cross makes sense we can go on to learn that its "sense" is *love*.

"I stand at the door and knock," says Christ, "and he that opens to me, behold I will come in and I will sup with him." It seems to me that with all the suffering people bear today (even, and perhaps especially, the undramatic suffering of the endless days of "quiet desperation") Christ must desire exceedingly to see that promise fulfilled. And suffering can be an opening for Him. The important thing is that we let it be.

Suffering can be the key unlocking the doors of our souls to Christ, or it can be the bolt barring Him forever from entrance into them. It is according to the use we make of suffering whether it is to be the key or the bolt in our lives.

The Purposes of Suffering

We cannot tell with definite assurance the particular purpose of a particular suffering, but we can say something about some of the probable purposes that Providence has for suffering in general.

To do this, we have to go back to what we said about suffering in the life of the child.

First, we mentioned the suffering that comes to him because he is not running his own world and a wiser adult judgment orders things for his good. This, it may be objected, is not "suffering" at all. Certainly the purpose of the parent isn't to inflict pain. Well, tell that to the child, is my retort. The scrubbing of the face, the insistence that he stop what he is doing to come and eat, are crosses to him—they *cross* his will. He has to submit many times without seeing the point at all.

Analogously, in our own adult lives the same thing happens. God—not ourselves—is running the world. Many times we don't realize this; we are having a pleasant time for ourselves, until God crosses us. ("Stop what you are doing and put away the toys.") Then we set up a sorrowful protest and see ourselves burdened with a weight of pain. Yet much of this pain is not because God is "inflicting suffering upon us" but because His judgment is wiser than ours and His Providence has ends in view which we cannot see. (Perhaps after some years we shall see them, as the little girl suddenly begins to see that there is point in enduring the annoyance of having her hair brushed.) What God is doing *is* for our good; that we must believe. That there is pain attached to it is, in a sense, incidental. On all levels of human life this is so. Saint John of the Cross, when he treats of the passive purifications which are major afflictions for the advanced soul, makes this point very clear: God's purpose is not suffering for suffering's sake; He is not aiming at inflicting pain, He is cleansing the soul. ("The scrubbing of the ears," the necessary rules and measures for well-being and spiritual health.)

"The Forbidden List"

The second time suffering comes into our lives is when we are prevented from getting something which is attractive to us. These things which are on "the forbidden list" are, as in the life of the child, not necessarily bad in themselves. We can see why we should not have things which are wrong or sinful, but so many times we are hurt because we are deprived of things which seem unmistakable goods. They do not seem at all part of the alluring "broad road to destruction," yet God's Will does not allow them. Why we should be prevented from getting a job that would make us happy, why a promising romance should come to an abrupt end, or why our plans should be balked in the middle of their execution is a mystery to us. But here again we have to trust the wisdom of God. We are tempted to complain, "It's always like that for

me. Just when things seem to be working out, something happens and spoils it all." But then we think of the adult hand yanking the child away from danger and recall that God is our Father Who is protecting us from unknown peril. What we suffer is hard to bear indeed, but we try to realize that by allowing it God is preventing a greater evil from befalling us.

We Make Our Own Cross

It can be said with a great deal of accuracy that often people construct their own crosses. If we go back far enough in history we find that Adam himself chose the painful situation in which man has found himself ever since. Not a cruel God, but a sinful man brought on the evils which torment humanity. What is true of the human race as a whole is true to a great extent in our individual lives. Like the child we seem to excel in getting ourselves into painful situations. I am not thinking now only of the disastrous results brought on by grievous sin (the profligate who ruins his own life and that of his family) but of the less acute unhappiness brought on ourselves by foolish actions, by our attachment to our own opinions and self-will, by laziness and torpor. The woman who suffers unbearably from loneliness, herself manufactured the pain by her high-handed treatment of those who would be her friends. The mother who has jealously clung to her son, is herself the reason that he breaks from her completely in an effort to have a life of his own. The man who rots away in a job he hates, lets his own fears keep him from trying for other work. The girl who is in a rut, herself perpetuates her pain because she is unwilling to leave the familiar, however trying it may be. In our weakness and fallibility we make ourselves miserable, but fortunately God does not leave us at that. The mother says to the child who has gotten his head caught between the rungs of the chair, "Why, that was a foolish thing to do," but she carefully extricates him. Will God do less for us?

People Make Us Suffer

Even the happy child, we said, suffers from other people. That is the beginning of a situation which persists all through life. We need people to make us happy, but at the same time much of our suffering is inflicted by them. Everything from minor squabbles and personality conflicts to bitter estrangement and lasting anguish is brought about by the action of one person on another. The baby sister trampling on the child's great achievement is a diminutive figure of the way people can trample on our most precious dreams and plans and hopes. The song that was

popular a few years ago was corny, but it seems to be true that "We always hurt the ones we love." Flight from people, needless to say, is not the answer. Nor is the answer to feel sorry for ourselves; for this handing out of suffering is not one-sided. We probably have inflicted as much pain on others as we are getting ourselves. The answer seems to lie in doing what Saint Catherine of Siena did: accepting the pain people give us as willed by God; not wasting time in analyzing their meanness or their guilt, but realizing if we accept it patiently that God in His mysterious way will use it to make us holy. God has made all of us human beings with complementary virtues, and also complementary vices. With all the virtues put together we can serve Him as a Body; and with all the vices and faults, we can rub against one another so that the image of Christ will be refined and made perfect in each of us. Men are not mutual drawbacks in the path to God, but travellers to assist one another on their way.

The Pain of Punishment

The last pain we mentioned was the pain of punishment. The child has been naughty and there is a consequent spanking. How much of our suffering is directly traceable to our sins? The hang-over, all the much advertised results of over-indulgence, the loss of peace, the gnawing away of an uneasy conscience—all these we can think of as caused by our sins and misdemeanors; but besides these, how much suffering does God send for the purpose of punishing our transgressions? As we have already said, when a particular suffering comes into our lives we cannot be certain why it is there—whether to punish, to purge, to cleanse, or to make us grow. We do not make the rash judgment of the Pharisees that the man suffered his blindness because of the sins of his parents. And yet though we don't see in our pain the direct visitation of God's wrath on our sins, we can use our suffering to make reparation for them. That our child is born defective, or that we ourselves spend our days in pain, is no reason to think that God is an unforgiving creditor who makes us pay the last cent of our debt. It may be reason to think that God is a merciful Father allowing us to suffer that we can rid ourselves of our evils and be ready to come into possession of His Kingdom.

You hear people say, "I don't know what dreadful things we ever did that our family should have to suffer so." And you know they mean that they have never done anything dreadful at all, and the suffering God has sent them far outweighs any sins they could possibly have committed. It is strange but the saints didn't reason this way. Saint Catherine of Siena felt her sins directly responsible

for the manifold evils that had befallen the Church in her day. And it is remarkable that the closer a person gets to God the greater the disparity appears between the weight of his sins and the weight of the cross he has to carry. The thing is, in his mind sin and suffering change in size. No longer does suffering seem to him an unjust burden for sins which after all were no worse than the next fellow's. Rather so far has he grown in love that any suffering he endures does not seem enough of a punishment considering his offenses against God Who is all-lovable. That he should have rendered evil to Him Who has given him nothing but good is cause for lasting grief; consequently the saints gladly embraced suffering to atone in some measure for their sins.

The Mystery of Suffering

Whatever reasons we can give for suffering, it is only natural to view it with revulsion. Pain always remains pain. Suffering always hurts (even when it is borne gladly, voluntarily, and for love). No matter how lofty our motives, no matter how eagerly the higher part of our souls accepts suffering, our human nature revolts against it—as did the human nature of Christ contemplating in the garden the suffering He was to endure on Calvary. "Not my will, but Thine be done," is the answer, of course; but we should not be discouraged because we find ourselves again and again conquering the same revulsion to pain, or trying repeatedly to overcome our cowardice at the prospect of suffering.

Sometimes (and these are times generally when we are not suffering at all!) the problem of suffering is solved for us, and we feel that we have penetrated the mystery of the Cross. But later on we find that again the purpose of suffering eludes us and we are forced to endure dumbly the weight of the Cross. This is not cause for alarm. For the mystery of suffering is best revealed in darkness—in the darkness of pain when man no longer understands what God is about, but is moved by His Spirit to trust Him implicitly and to draw close to His Crucified Son.

To the neophyte who has just begun to evaluate the elements of the Christian life, suffering may seem to be an unreservedly good thing. Unlike the pagan who views it as an unmitigated evil, he may see it as an unmitigated good. Truly this isn't so. Suffering can embitter; suffering can make one self-centered and indifferent to the burdens of others; suffering can make a person so conscious of his aching body that he is forgetful of God or the needs of his soul. Suffering is not of itself good; for otherwise it would not be characteristic of Hell.

Here a distinction must be made. Suffering is not of itself good, but the Cross of Christ is. That is all the difference in the World. Suffering borne with Christ and in Christ is transformed and elevated and becomes a lasting good.

No Marathon Sufferers

If we think we can suffer well by ourselves we are all wrong; we cannot. For we are not called to take part in an endurance contest, to be stoics or marathon sufferers. No, we are called to follow Christ—to take up our Cross and follow Him. To do this we need grace. Often at the beginning of the spiritual life in a foolhardy burst of enthusiasm we feel capable of "bearing all things, and enduring all things." But through the years God will show us how little capable we are of bearing the Cross well by ourselves. To take pride in our ability to suffer (that we—unlike our neighbor—can bear pain in silence) is to distort the meaning of carrying the Cross. For suffering used aright is supposed to bend us to God's Will; it is not supposed to make us more self-willed and proud of our own powers. That is why it is good for us to be humiliated in our own eyes. We are just ready to be complacent since despite heavy suffering we are able to smile uncomplainingly, when all of a sudden our little boy spills ink on the rug and we burst into tears! In our ability to bear the little crosses of life, which are like endlessly tormenting gnats, is the proof of our reliance on God and His grace. We cannot emphasize too much that He alone can make suffering worthwhile. Not our natural prowess but our docility to the Holy Ghost and His gifts (particularly fortitude) is our major asset in suffering.

The Suffering of Others

I personally feel that an article on the meaning of suffering is incomplete without at least a brief treatment of our attitude toward the suffering of others. We are called upon to bear one another's burdens. In the Mystical Body we are reminded that "when one member suffers the whole body feels its pain." We cannot divorce ourselves from the suffering of others; neither can we hug our own Cross to ourselves for one way or another it will affect our neighbor.

It is not enough to say that we should have compassion for the sorrows of others. That does not give a full solution, nor does it tell us how to exercise our sympathy toward the sufferers.

To clarify matters a bit, let us say what our compassion should *not* be. First of all, it should not be over-protective. We don't help those we love to bear the Cross by wilfully, in spite of God's designs, trying to take away their cross. One of the most

painful experiences in our lives will probably be having to watch those we love suffer and having to resist the temptation to rebel against God's Will in their regard. Often after we have come to see the necessity of suffering in our own lives, we still want to protect others from it—even when the Cross is necessary to make them grow. A baby has to learn to walk, a child has to launch forth on his first day of school, even though his mother dreads what lies before him. And so it is throughout life. Always the Cross; always for everyone; no insurance against it. We have to learn to surrender those we love to it, and to help them—not by discouraging them from shouldering it, but by encouraging them to bear it for Christ's sake.

Synthetic Sympathy

The second wrong sort of compassion is what we can call "synthetic sympathy." There is nothing genuine about this at all. It is a mixture of emotionalism and self-centeredness. It is revealed by such remarks as: "That poor woman, I can't bear to think of her with all those children!" (Correct compassion would send us over to help her out.) Or the remark, generally addressed to someone in a vocation of service to the unfortunate: "I don't see how you can do that sort of work; I am much too tender-hearted!" (The one who is doing the charitable work feels he must have a heart of stone, and the person with the "tender heart" feels justified in running off to a game of bridge.) In this sort of compassion we think of ourselves, not of the one who is in pain.

It is true, of course, that for sensitive people the thought of and the sight of suffering is a real affliction. But for that very reason it is important that they do not turn their sensitivity in on themselves, but strive to direct it and purify it in order to make it a delicate instrument to assuage the griefs of others.

The Callous Christian

The third wrong attitude toward our neighbor's suffering, for the sake of convenience, I have called the "attitude of the callous Christian." This is often the attitude of those who, because of their physical make-up or unusual strength of will, can endure pain very well. They don't flinch from it, and they don't see why others should either. Or again it may be the attitude of those who have recently been converted to a whole-hearted Christianity whose center is the Cross, but who are immature and lack that intimate experience of suffering necessary for true compassion. They forget that Our Lord did not reprove Martha and Mary for grieving, but Himself went to the grave of Lazarus and wept. They

forget that Our Lady was exceedingly responsive to the trivial trials of life (even though they were as nothing compared to her own Seven Sorrows) and was quick to save the newly-weds from embarrassment.

Just because we ourselves have been able to endure a particular grief without receiving sympathy is no reason for us to withhold our compassion from those in similar circumstances. Like the Holy Spirit—gentle in action—we are mindful not “to crush the bruised reed.” To appreciate the value of the Cross is one thing, but to use that appreciation as an excuse for callousness toward the suffering of others is inexcusable. I am remembering now, even though it happened awhile ago, a case like this when two eagerly apostolic girls reproached a third who had to endure a really tremendous sorrow for “not exhibiting Christian joy in her grief”! How easy it is for us to talk.

True Compassion

True compassion is the result of genuine love and sympathy with the needs of our neighbor. Saint Vincent de Paul going out to the streets of Paris to look for foundlings, Saint Elizabeth of Hungary stealing out of her palace in the early morning to serve the poor, Saint John of God caring for the sick in mind and body—they are our models. To see the ills of men and to long to heal them is the spark of compassion.

But if compassion is centered on man alone it can swiftly degenerate into a sickly humanitarianism. Christian compassion is different because it proceeds from love of God and of His holy Will, and from a real thirst for His glory. Without these to give the soul to our service we become narrow pain-relievers, intent on freeing people from suffering at all costs, regardless of their eternal welfare, regardless of what God has willed for them. And this can happen very easily. I realized how people who do not believe in the transcendent mystery of the Cross could easily become advocates of euthanasia and birth control the first time I took care of a family of several small children. After the confusion, misery, and general commotion of the day, I went to sleep praying, “Dear God, please don’t let me end up believing in birth control!”

Real charity alone can preserve the true character of compassion, for it alone seeks not temporal palliatives but eternal happiness as the goal of the needy and the stricken. That is why for the Christian, the mother of the Machabees encouraging her sons to die rather than sin, and Saint Felicitas, likewise the mother of seven sons, urging them to persevere in their martyrdom, are

as much models of compassion as Saint Vincent de Paul helping the poor to live. For they all worked and suffered with those they loved that the charity of Christ might more abound in them.

Suffering and Love

It may seem odd, but although we can give pages of explanations as to the purpose, meaning and best way to endure suffering, the simplest and truest way to explain it is in terms of *love*. To interpret suffering in terms of love, to see its meaning with the eyes of love, and to endure it for the sake of love, is the way of simple souls.

As Abbé Combes points out in his book, *The Heart of Saint Therese*, Therese did not seek any involved explanation for the trials she was called upon to endure; rather she bore all for the sake of love. Love was the only interpretation she needed. Love made Jesus suffer for her, and love made her suffer for Jesus and with Jesus for the salvation of all whom He loves.

It may be objected that Therese, the “little saint,” is a very great saint, and from the depths wherein we struggle is it right for us to imitate her way of suffering for love’s sake?

The answer is that her personal response to the mystery of suffering by greeting it and embracing it for love, while a very lofty response indeed, is a very basic one. In fact, it penetrates to the elementary notion of Christianity. “God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, and His Son so loved us as to give His life for our salvation.” And we in turn return His love by willingness to share His Cross. That we are guilty or not, that we deserve punishment or not, is in this sense beside the point. The Christ Who loves us is crucified. Our love makes us in turn ready to suffer with Him that the Redemption may be complete.

“Love Is Enough”

Putting this down on paper makes it seem more involved even than it is. Simple souls who have had their hearts open to His love readily comprehend it without using all these words. For them truly “Love is enough.” Little children, if they have been initiated into the love of Our Lord, readily comprehend the fitness of suffering their hurts and bruises because He suffered too. For them no lengthy explanation of the “providential role of suffering” is needed. They can easily get to the heart of the thing, and find in suffering the heart of love. It is unfortunate that many of us through the years, through all the ups and downs of life, through all we are given to enjoy and to endure, lose this clear vision, this proper perspective. Instead of greeting everything

that comes (especially the painful things) with "His love wills it, and with His love I can bear it," we fall into the habit of seeking blue-prints, and of reading manuals on the meaning of suffering. Yet if we beg Him to expand our souls with His love, very gradually love will again become a sufficient answer to us. We shall begin to see our life as an opportunity to love God and to suffer because we love.

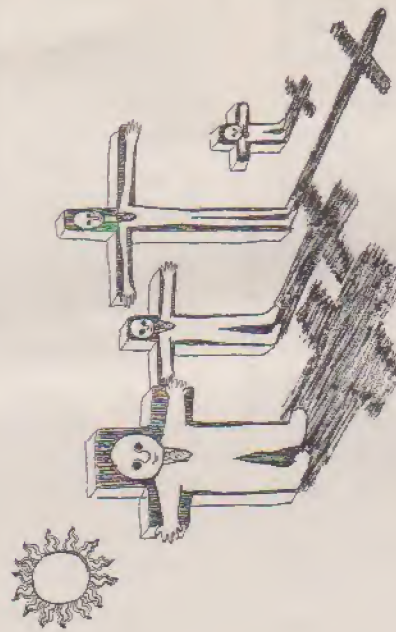
Life is freedom to love, and suffering becomes proof of our love's liberty.

And the more we love and the more we suffer, the more we can look forward to the happiness to come—the more we can hope. For then there will be comfort in the thought that "the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come."

We who have borne the Cross with Christ will rise together with Him.

"O Crux, ave, spes unica!" "Hail Cross, our only Hope!"

DOROTHY DOHEN



We share His load of suffering,

Through shadow into sun;

And heavy is our cross, but would we

Change with anyone?

Letter of Gethsemane

Why are you silent? All day I waited in an empty world. You did not come.

Oh I know whenever you did visit me I could never bear it. I begged mercy of your charity, faltering on my knees. You tried to tell me true love is terrible. I closed my eyes and would have turned away.

How could it be otherwise with me? I know you only by the press of thorn. It was always tears that told me of your coming. Without these I did not feel you near.

You know I am not those who beg crosses. I keep night-vigil in agony not ecstasy. I am stony silent when you come to be consoled. I cannot bear to see your wounds, let alone heal them. I only dream sacrifice, pushing it far off.

Yet when the pain goes then I am really afraid. In sudden silence from mortal clamor I hear no voice, no footfall of yours in this land of pleasant ease.

Remember, I may not stand tomorrow with stalwarts who will watch your passing. Far from the black borders of Jerusalem I may be hiding in ignominious caves, under the hills.

But tonight I wait for you in a rain of ruined flowers. I know you must pass by with heavy footstep. Take me with you into that terrible darkness where faith wrestles to the death despair and the will limps through dreadful corridors of anguish. I know the taste of this cup. Hurry, lest my courage fail in the warm lights of the city behind me. Come and close the garden gate quickly. Let me watch with you this one desolate hour.

For though I shall be afraid hearing you, Lord (yes God), weep and cry out, I am more afraid here alone, not hearing your voice at all.

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

How to Love Your Enemy

You may very well have lived a long life saying the Our Father daily and when you came to the words, "and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," your soul was completely quiet and unruffled. Then one day something happens. It may all be your own fault. You may have a bad argument and the other one walks out on you bitter and full of wrath. Before you can think twice, you have an enemy. At first, you don't want to believe it. You say to yourself, he'll come around, just wait a little. But this happens to be one of those unfortunate cases where he does not come around. After awhile you may say that's perfectly ridiculous, and you may earnestly try to meet him, and in a casual way get things straightened out. But then, you find out that he's fed up with you and he has no intention whatsoever of having things as they were. Soon you will hear how he spoke about you on this or that occasion, and from those remarks you know now: you have an enemy.

Soon after this startling discovery, these words emerge from the depths of your memory and they take on a completely new meaning: "To the ones of old has been said, 'Love your friend and hate your enemy.' I, however, tell you, love your enemy!"

And now, a new period in your life begins: You try, you really try, to love your enemy; but how? There have been a number of different loves in your life and these you try to apply now to him: How you loved your parents when you were very young yourself—how you loved your best friend in school—how you loved in those unique weeks before your wedding—how you now love your own children. Then, there is in your heart love for your country, for your home town, for your home, for your old school and your neighborhood—it is perfectly amazing how many shades of love move a human heart during one short life. But, as hard as you may try—not one of them fits your purpose. Now, you almost get worried because there is that command: "I, however, tell you . . .," and you haven't yet found a way to fulfill it. This much you have learned, however, that the love for your enemy is a completely new love in your life and you have to discover it step by step.

All you are doing now is: You *want* to love your enemy. As you want to love him, you are getting very much concerned about him, and this is the first step. You realize that he really

shouldn't be your enemy—nobody really should stubbornly resist reconciliation—and with an anxious heart you realize that it cannot do him much good.

As the natural outcome of this, your concern, you find yourself talking with God about your enemy. This is the second step. You say: "Dear Lord, please don't take this too seriously; I really don't think he means it quite the way it sounds. Don't forget how much I antagonized him, and please, dear Lord, I want you to know there is no bitterness in my heart against him whatever he might say or do." There's a great urge in your heart to make sure about this because you realize that *if* you'd get angry and bitter and have your own spiritual life badly influenced by all this, it would be partly his fault and he would be held responsible.

As time goes on, you discover that there is a change taking place in yourself. Since that person of whom you thought so highly, who was so close to you, and to whom you were so much attached has turned against you, you find that you get more and more detached from other people, because—what happened once, couldn't it happen any day again? And there you find that your enemy has done you a great service, and most eagerly you point that out in your next talks with God. This is the third step. However, even if it has helped you it should not continue. You would not want to die or want him to die, he still being your enemy. Now you begin to storm Heaven. "The return of the brother" becomes your foremost intention. It gets a big share of all Holy Masses and Communion. You ask all your friends to help you pray for a "certain intention." You have Masses said and, in a kind of perpetual novena, the Blessed Mother and your friends among the saints are constantly reminded to intercede. And whatever comes your way in the line of suffering is greeted with a smile, be it physical pain or mental anguish, because it can be used to be offered up for the most important person in your life, your enemy. This is the last step.

Now you have found the love for your enemy. It is completely different from all other loves, and it is very anxious and very unemotional. It resides mostly in your will, but let us hope that in the eyes of God it is a soaring fire which, in His own good time, will melt all the ice of resistance. And Our Lord's wish will be fulfilled: "That all may be one . . . and that they may be perfected in unity."

MARIA AUGUSTA TRAPP

Into my
 Hard-echoing
 Too hollow heart
 Send peace, God.
 Balm lend
 To deep-bruised
 Sad heart walls
 Sin jagged
 From the perverse outcasting
 Of All Light,
 Of the life-bringing
 Time-out-lasting
 Sweet love-balm
 Of the Saviour;
 And athwart my
 Dim, secret
 Dark soul-ways,
 Soft-footed
 Let Thy Grace-winds
 Start blowing;
 And into my
 Once-echoing
 Too hollow heart
 Let peace flow,—
 Life-bursting
 With thy Love,
 God.

A. P. CAMPBELL

"Who Is Like God?"

Thoughts on the Subject of Christian Humanism

"God comes first," *Dieu premier servi*. These words are not the device of a religious order or the motto of a contemplative missionary. They are the motto of a saint who may well be called the patron saint of patriots because in her, patriotism, for the first time in the history of Christianity, received its official consecration. Joan of Arc—according to historians who are not particularly favorable to Christianity in general and even less to Catholicism in particular—has, more than any king, warrior, or statesman, made France. Without her, it is highly probable that both French and English history, and in consequence of the foremost importance of those two nations in the development of the West, world history itself, would have followed a very different course.

It is not the purpose of this article to seek further into the implications of Saint Joan's role in Western history. Her mention, nevertheless, at the beginning of these reflections on Christian humanistic tendencies does not seem out of place.

Joan of Arc was not what most moderns—even Catholics—could easily call a humanist. It is true that she seems wholly preoccupied with the temporal salvation of her country. It is also true that she delivered France from the rule of the English and laid the basis of the French nation as we know it today. But if we look at her more closely we realize that her whole brief, brilliant and tragic public career was accomplished only because she knew that this was what God wanted from her. She did not hate the English and she knew that the King of France was a sorry wastrel. But she had received clear orders from God about what He wanted her to do and she set about accomplishing His will. God comes first. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God . . . the rest shall be added unto you." Although her life is singularly different from that of another French saint, Theresa of the Child Jesus, yet essentially their motives are the same; the love and the service of God above all things for the power and the glory that are His and are due to Him from all creatures.

If I have chosen Joan of Arc in order to underline that her main preoccupation was God and His service it is because this preoccupation is all the more striking when it is encountered in the saint of patriotism. This does not mean however that we do not find like sentiments in every other saint from Louis of France to

John Bosco. Whatever their country, their historical background, their own particular mission, each one of them can sum up his life's work in those same three words: God comes first.

Perhaps this insistence on what should be for all Catholics—or even all Christians—a self-evident truth, may seem to some readers superfluous. We learned in our catechism that man was created to know and to love and to serve God in this world and to be eternally happy with Him in the next. That canonized saints of all times and all countries illustrate this truth by word and deed is after all only normal and it is perhaps unnecessary to stress their accomplishment of what every good Christian is expected to attempt, even if his attempt is a practical failure most of the time.

This seems a good enough objection at first glance, but a little examination and reflection convince us that all is not as simple as it first appears to be.

The Inverse Pattern

Is the love and knowledge and service of God for His own sake and the service and love of man for God's sake the main preoccupation of the majority of those who term themselves—or allow themselves to be termed—Christian humanists, for example? If it is, it does not appear to be so in their words or in their writings. What does appear is the inverse pattern: the love and knowledge and service of mankind and the love and service of God in so far as He fits in with the humanist's plan for man's welfare and happiness. In such a pattern, Joan of Arc and the saints in general are a little out of place, a trifle anachronistic.

Heresy by One-Sidedness

A short time ago *Integrity* published an extremely suggestive account of how modern man—and in particular a certain number of liberal Catholic thinkers—has interpreted these words of Christ concerning greatness and humility: "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The only part of this sentence which seems to have impressed humanists is the exaltation of the humble—the means to that exaltation and consequently the kind of exaltation to which those means lead (means and ends are related in kind to one another) are pretty much ignored, forgotten or, worse still, frankly distorted. Now the fate of those Gospel words which Aurel Kolnai analyzes at length and, to my mind, with quite extraordinary penetration, is by no account limited to this one passage of the Scriptures. The Second Commandment, for instance, divorced

from the First, is the Gospel of Humanitarianism and Philanthropy. "Faith, if it hath not works, is dead in itself" was once quoted to me by a prominent American Catholic as a condemnation of the contemplative orders. Mr. Arnold Lunn mentions in one of his books a group of young Protestant laymen for whom "Many sins are forgiven her because she hath loved much" is a justification and even a certain approbation of promiscuous love. I shall not continue. The entire history of heresies from the first century down until our times is the story of one-sided interpretations of the Word of God carried to such extremes that their authors were excluded from the Church when they refused to retract them.

Perhaps because they are not carried to such extremes—or perhaps because their authors are more nebulous or more cautious in their expressions, the tenants of some of the more advanced forms of Christian humanism have not—with a rare exception here and there—been subject to any formal condemnation. Without pretending to judge where it is not my place to judge, I feel, however, that it may not be out of place here to look more closely at a few Christian humanist tendencies.

An Extensive Movement

It is, of course, impossible to do justice in such cursory form to a movement extensive enough to include figures as wide apart as the late Emmanuel Mounier and Jacques Maritain of *Integral Humanism* (the earlier Maritain does not belong to the humanists) and the recently condemned marxist ex-Father Desroches of the French movement, *Economy and Humanism*.

A global and all too brief survey of such a widespread and complex movement must almost inevitably be unjust because it cannot, for lack of development, give *all* the facts and an analysis of these facts. Christian humanism, in some of its expressions and manifestations, is probably something for which we can be thankful. That it has its extremists is not surprising. Every noteworthy movement within the Church is apt to have its extremists and whether they be to the right or to the left they are equally to be feared, but who shall dare say that those who wrongly quote "*in medio stat virtus*" to cover every form of mediocrity are not at least as harmful? It would be possible, no doubt, to write an article about Christian humanism underlining what it has positively accomplished to enrich the minds of men with a deeper knowledge of Christ's message and its implications in personal and social life. We wonder, however, if very often the insistence on certain minor aspects of that message has not blinded the minds

of many to its major implications. Christian humanism has read those words "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and its justice and the rest shall be added unto you" and has been so busy inventorying the "rest" which shall be given to us that it has forgotten that the rest is only a consequence. Or, once again, "the Second Commandment is like unto the First" but what *is* the First?

Defining a Definition

If we wish to give a summary definition of Christian humanism acceptable to Christian humanists I think that we can say that it is a doctrine which invites men to find in the integral acceptance of Christianity the highest accomplishment of their humanity. The operative words are not however—practically speaking—"integral Christianity" but "highest accomplishment of humanity."

Christianity does not debase man—it exalts him. From an historical point of view Christian humanism is a reaction against Jansenism with its perpetual insistence on the Fall, the Narrow Way to Salvation and the ever present danger of Hell fire. It is also an attempt—and in this its apologetical intentions are manifest—to justify Christianity before the marxists for whom man is the Last End of the cosmos and the liberal humanists, who in this agree with the marxists; the two really only agree in the means employed to reach their goal: the glorification of man as man.

Now it is quite true that nowhere else is man's dignity so great, his stature so tremendous as in the Christian conception "a little lower than the angels," their equal in grace when not actually superior to them in the supernatural order. However, an almost continual insistence on this greatness of man when there is not an equal insistence on his fragility, his littleness and his corruption may—and do in many cases—end up by giving a completely falsified version of Christianity, the more dangerous because its exponents are, in most cases, addressing themselves to Christians without a Christian culture and steeped in an atmosphere of frankly pagan or marxist humanism. Anyone who has heard or read the sermons of a certain French Abbé de Pierre, the intimate friend of Emmanuel Mounier and the exponent of a Christian-marxist alliance, can be in no doubt on this point. Abbé de Pierre continually speaks as if marxism were simply a three dimensional form of Catholicism to which the addition of a fourth dimension—the Catholic dogma of the Incarnation—would suffice to bring into the fold. The parallel between the Catholic saint and the marxist ascetic is one which is often drawn. Father Jean de Menasce demolished this myth with such wonder-

ful accuracy and brilliance in *Commonweal* ("Men of Cold Passion," March 25, 1949) that I need only mention the subject here and advise all interested to read Father de Menasce.

Humanism in America

It would, of course, be possible to find examples of the deformations I have mentioned nearer home than Paris. If the election ground of Christian humanism—both the marxist and the liberal brands—is Europe, and specifically France, this does not mean that it is without its representatives on this side of the Atlantic. American Catholicism is culturally backward, but what culture it does have derives in great part from Europe, and the influence of French Catholic humanists, many of whose works are translated and admired over here, cannot but affect those thinking Catholics who are eagerly seeking a synthesis of religion and life and who are all the more apt to fall into error as they do not generally possess the cultural and theological formation which would enable them to make the necessary distinctions and rejections.

There is also the American conception, with its Catholic apologists, of Big Business and the American Way of Life which can make the French humanist-marxist Catholic seem Christian by comparison. But if the temptation is understandable it must nevertheless be recognized for what it is. There is no possible alliance between Christ and Belial. Capitalist wrongs do not make communism right and one heresy is not combated by the adoption of another. As for the liberals, their name is legion, and their positions vary from those who travel the marxist way to those who admire James Burnham—but are they not all like the Colonel's lady and Sally O'Grady, "sisters under the skin"?

Salvation, True and False

"Who is like God?" It was with this cry that Saint Michael earned his name in his fight against Satan. The Satanic tendencies in our time are not going to be vanquished by any debased form of this slogan such as "Who is like man" even if we do add "man made in the image of God." Surrounding us on all sides—be it the marxist or the liberal one—are men intent on teaching man that his salvation is his own to operate. Instead of answering with the words of Saint Peter that "there is no other name (the name of Jesus) under Heaven given to men whereby we must be saved" the Christian humanist concedes to the adversary that man is indeed the maker of his own salvation *in this world* and insists so much on *this world* that the next (already a very dim notion in a man-centered civilization) is pretty much forgotten.

After this initial concession which simply shifts the center of gravity of the whole argument, they set forth the beauties of the Christ-life in man progressing through an inevitably (one wonders why it is inevitably so to a Christian mind) upward surge towards the final glorification of humanity. That this glorification will only occur after the death of each individual as far as individual man is concerned and only after the final destruction of this planet *as we know it* for humanity in general, is a truth which is lightly brushed aside when it is not completely distorted as in some modern theories of the millenium which I shall not discuss here.

If we leave the cosmic plane (the term cosmos is a favorite one with many humanists) and look at the appraisal of individual life, we shall encounter the same sort of distortions.

A Humanistic Distortion

An example may not be out of place here. An excellent little book on marriage appeared some years ago in France. Significant enough of the atmosphere of the times which produced it, it was entitled *Companions for Eternity*. That the Church has always admitted the legitimacy of a second marriage after the death of one or the other partner is a fact which ought to exclude any mention of eternity in relation to a Sacrament which is first and foremost a social one and which will disappear with the figure of this world when we shall no longer "marry nor be given in marriage." The "personalist" conception of Christian marriage in its extreme forms is just one more attempt to bring the theology of the Church in line with the desire of modern man to become the center of all things. Indeed, the glorification of Christian marriage—an inevitable reaction against Jansenism—often goes to the point of placing marriage above virginity as a means to perfection. There is indeed something very significant in the half contempt which the advanced forms of Christian humanism feel toward virginity. Saint Paul writes, "He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord how he may please God . . . the virgin thinketh on the things of the Lord that she may be holy both in body and in spirit." Virginity, according to Saint Paul, is superior to marriage because it allows man to concentrate his thoughts and affections on God. Christian virginity is not humanistic; it is not surprising therefore that instinctively more and more Christian humanists give their best attention and their highest praises to the married state. In the perspective of the "full accomplishment of all man's rich possibilities" virginity looks too

much like a mutilation. It is significant that for the early Fathers of the Church and the great doctors of the Middle Ages, virginity is praised because of its value as a preparation for contemplative prayer and its capacity to make man more like the angels. But the humanist is not a contemplative (once more, the silence, the austerity, the retreat from human affairs which favor the contemplative life seem to the humanist like a mutilation) and he is not interested in angels.

No Time for Angels

It is not without interest here to note that the Treatise on Angels is rapidly becoming one of the most ignored parts of the *Summa Theologica* of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Indeed, in the great humanistic trend of modern theology and religious thought, who has time for the study of the angels? And who cares? Aside from a vague devotion to the Guardian Angels, who gives thought to these most magnificent of God's creatures? Here again, the attitude of the Christian humanist is significant. The angels are for God's glory rather than for the utility of man. They are contemplatives, not by vocation but by nature. They have no bodies and cannot commune with man in his "full, earthly (and earthy) life" extolled by the humanists. Their existence is not denied—it would be heresy to do so—and the humanists of whom I speak wish to remain Catholics while thinking pretty much like the non-Catholic world around them. But if the existence of the angels is not denied it is not regarded worthy of any particular attention; after all, the humanist to be worthy of that name must be primarily interested in man.

The Fact of the Incarnation

Some readers may protest here and remind us that God also seems pretty interested in man and that, after all, the central fact of the Christian religion is the Incarnation: the Word made Flesh. This is true. Saint Thomas teaches that the Incarnation is directly ordained to the Redemption and is "for us men and for our salvation" and consequently if man had not sinned God would not have become man. However, let us not forget that if the motive for the Incarnation is man's salvation, his salvation by such a tremendous fact as God becoming man is bound up with the glory of God, for it is God's greatest glory to be good, and mercy is goodness giving itself to misery. The salvation of man begins with God's mercy and ends with God's glory. There is no room here for glorying in man because of man. By nature man is nothing—all he has and all he comes from God.

Reality of Sin

By sin man is less than nothing, for nothing is just nothing and not a distortion of God's gift into an offense to the Giver. Sin does not play a very big part in Christian humanism. Sin is ugly, humiliating, rather terrifying in its consequences. Humanism—when it is, or pretends to be Christian—does not deny the existence of sin but the consequences of sin are minimized. Ignorance, sickness, pain, suffering of all sorts—these, the Christian humanist argues (agreeing readily with the secularists) can and will be overcome in great part, if not entirely, by social progress and hygiene. Little or no stress is laid on man's responsibilities and their inevitable, if unwilling, expiation. Hope is placed in man-made laws and man-made devices to set right an order broken by man's turning away from God and which will be set right only in the measure of man's turning again to God. Social security and labor-saving inventions are simply not in the picture.

The Salvation of the Cross

When Saint Paul found himself faced with a disintegrating social order he preached Christ—and Christ crucified. The modern humanist does not preach Christ crucified because he does not want to scandalize the unbeliever. That the unbeliever would be scandalized seemed to Saint Paul quite normal. Christ crucified was "a scandal to the Jew, a folly to the Gentile." Actually He would probably be both a scandal and a folly to a great many humanists if they ever set aside enough time from thinking about man and his problems to thinking about God and His mysteries.

Although it is quite the fashion among some Christian humanists to praise the Bible, one wonders if they read it as much as they say they do. The Prophets, to speak of them only, are full of the greatness of God, and the contrasting littleness of man, his pettiness and helplessness, his misery and his extreme need for salvation.

Isaiah has said: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand and weighed the Heavens with his palm? Who hath poised with three fingers the bulk of the earth and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance? . . . Behold the Gentiles are as a drop of a bucket and are counted as the smallest grain of a balance, behold the islands are as a little dust . . . all the nations are before him as if they had no being at all and are counted to him as nothing and vanity." Or again, "Knowest thou not, or hast thou not heard, the Lord is the everlasting God who hath created the ends of the earth: he shall not faint nor labor, neither is there any searching out of his wisdom. It is he that

giveth strength to the weary and increaseth force and might to them that are not. Youths shall faint and labor and young men shall fall by infirmity (the virile, healthy young specimens the Christian humanist delights in showing as the "complete" man). But they that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength, they shall take wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Amos the Prophet

I began this brief—and very incomplete—survey of some of the tendencies of Christian humanism with the mention of Joan of Arc. I should like to finish it with a few words on the subject of Amos the Prophet. The two figures seem to have little enough in common besides their devouring love of God, their jealous sensitiveness to His rights and, strangely enough, the fact that the Prophet of Israel, like the Maid of Orleans, was a shepherd.

Amos lived near a village called Tekoa, a few miles to the south of Bethlehem, in the hills. He was a shepherd and it seems that he also cultivated figs, or sycamores. Unlike the other Prophets whose works are found in the Bible Amos was not a professional, if we may so apply the word to the prophetic vocation. He says this himself in a striking passage recounting an episode of his preaching in Bethel.

Amasias, priest of Bethel, indignant at the Prophet's incursion into Israel (he was a native of Juda, the Kingdom of the South) told him to go home: "Thou seer, go flee away into the land of Juda and eat bread there, and prophesy there. But prophesy not again any more in Bethel. . . . And Amos answered and said to Amasias, 'I am not a prophet, nor am I the son of a prophet, but I am a herdsman plucking wild figs. And the Lord took me when I followed the flock and the Lord said to me: Go, prophesy to my people Israel. And now hearken the word of the Lord. . . .'"

We do not know how God called Amos but it is plain that there was a call, analogous to that which Saint Joan was to hear while she too watched her flock many centuries later. Of Amos we know nothing but the above autobiographical passage and an enigmatic little poem whose last verses "The lion shall roar—who will not fear? The Lord hath spoken—who shall not prophesy?"

Amos, aside from this brief public life, must have spent his existence in close communion with God amid the rugged mountains where he tended his sheep and gathered the fruit of his fig trees. He was to be counted among the great Prophets of Israel (if exegesis classes Amos among the lesser Prophets it is not be-

cause of the lesser importance of his message but because of its brevity compared with the lengthy visions narrated by Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel and Ezekiel). He had not sought this vocation. Moreover we may even suspect that it must have been a hard blow for him to leave his simple mountain life for the sophistication of the royal town of Bethel; the terrible import of the warnings he was to give Israel must have been drawn from him almost against his will. His heart is full of pity for those on whom his words ring so harshly. As soon as his mission is over, he will return to his flock and to the solitudes of Tekoa. The whole brief book of the Bible which bears his name is full of a kind of searing purity—the purity of someone who was and only wanted to be God's witness, who spoke only because God wanted him to speak and whose message was brimming over with the indignation and pity which the sins of man can but arouse in the heart of one who lives in constant silent communion with God.

God for God's Sake

I think that this mention of Amos is not out of place at the end of this series of remarks on Christian humanism, although it may seem to be at first sight. Indeed, Amos was not what most people would call a humanist. The center of his universe, his main preoccupation, is not man but God. When his thoughts turn to Israel it is to sorrow over its infidelity to God, to hope that one day it may be as God wishes it to be, and that its people may turn to God and walk in His ways. In this, Amos is like the other Prophets. Only because his vocation seems so contrary to his inclinations, and is so evidently only accepted because God wants him to accept it at least for a certain time, does Amos seem to us, more than any other Prophet, a man primarily absorbed in God for God's sake, first and foremost a contemplative. When he is occupied with man there is no danger that his mercy will turn to weakness, he is too close to God for that. It is the strong, pungent air of the hills where he has spent his days in silent meditation that he brings with him into the halls and market places of Bethel. "Who is like God?" he seems to say to us. To God be the power and the glory.

It is perhaps a good practice to read or reread Amos or another one of the Prophets when we have been engaged for some time with the solving of some of man's innumerable problems. The Prophets won't provide us with a solution for those problems—each age has its own, and ours is an infinitely complex age if we compare it to that of the ancient Jews. What we find however

is a sense of perspective. The importance of those problems lessen a little, however their importance.

The Beauty of God

The wondrous beauty of mankind the humanists are so busy praising seems a very poor show in comparison with what we may guess of the beauty of God. The earnest attention with which we apply ourselves to the study of mankind and the little time or thought we apply to God Himself may strike us as disproportionate. We shall be struck with the tremendousness of God, and whatever temporal achievements may have impressed us lose a little of their glamor.

Perhaps, after all, the saints were right. Perhaps it is better to think of God first and to look at all things from that vantage point rather than to hypnotize ourselves on man's problems and then decide what God ought to do about them—with our help.

R. C. DOUGLAS



Knitting two and purling one

Is hard on Tilly Twitch.

It really tries her patience

Yet it's she who's dropped the stitch.

The Martyr Complex

The Church suffers persecution, not only from without but also from within. One of the most insidious persecutions the Church has had to endure throughout the ages has been the scandal of the long face. The morbid preoccupation with suffering in which some souls indulge is particularly treacherous because of the sanctimonious air it wears. Some of the most "respectable" people are addicted to it. In this connection I am reminded of a woman, considered very "devout" by her neighbors, who never allowed her family to celebrate any joyful feasts—even those of the Church—because every feast was the anniversary of some tragic occurrence: the death by drowning of Granduncle Malheureux; the loss by theft of some cherished heirloom; the mysterious disappearance of Cousin Arbutus, twice removed; and so forth and so on.

Because of the false sense of moral security it gives, this practice is an almost invulnerable form of selfishness. Under its cloak the Devil can work with comparative margin, for it smothers any feeling of guilt that might put its victim on guard. The would-be "martyr" likens his dark and stubborn obsession to the gentle docility of the saints in the face of persecution, and enjoys himself immensely while practicing a form of spiritual masochism. He invokes the Cross, but only to pose as its unique victim, thus capitalizing on the drama of our redemption for the gratification of his own pride. The air of spurious holiness with which he invests all his activities attests to the fact that a transference of values has been made. Having placed his own image in the sanctuary, he attempts to embellish it with all the charismata of the Passion. Small wonder that honest souls are repelled from the Church he pretends to honor.

This perversion has come to be identified especially with "religious" people, because many of its addicts employ counterfeit coins stamped with religious symbols to buy sympathy for their lugubrious dolors. But actually it is a disorder of the self-centered, and thrives as rankly among the unchurched as among the churchied. It is a form of escape from reality, from a humility that accepts in loving simplicity both joy and sorrow as gifts from an all-wise and merciful Providence.

The Gift of Pain

Pain is the common lot of fallen man, to be suffered well or ill. Mystics have welcomed it. Saint Teresa of Avila went so far as to declare, "I must suffer or die!" Far below the heights of that abnegate love the ordinary Christian, coming upon these words, finds their echo reverberating within the confines of his own spiritual susceptibilities. It was the realization of the reparation due to God's infinite goodness for humanity's base ingratitude, coupled with an earnest longing to mitigate, in some way, the sufferings of Our Saviour, that wrung this cry from her who was the most realistic and cheerful of saints. The Christian loves pain, not for itself, but as a means to an end—the incorporation of his suffering with that of the Redeemer Who consummated through the agony of His body and mind and soul all the retribution merited by our sins.

Those who do not know Christ may also find in grief a certain intangible sweetness, for, whether they know Him or not, He knows them, and His boundless compassion draws Him like a magnet to those who need Him.

Natural Compensations

There are also natural compensations to be found in pain. For one thing, it is nature's warning that certain elements, like fire, and certain acts, like gluttony, are dangerous to healthy human life. Then it has a wholesome disciplinary value. A child undergoing just punishment at the hands of his parents is comforted by the tacit assurance that this suffering is good for him. It reinstates him in an order of security from which he had estranged himself through disobedience.

If properly utilized, pain can also be the means of growth and becoming, of attaining a higher level of being. Through a painful regime a sick person gets well; through the pain of effort a student becomes a scholar, a soldier a hero, an artisan a master, a wife a mother.

The universal natural appeal of suffering, however, lies chiefly in the fact that it is an open sesame to the brotherhood of man. The first act of the newborn baby is a lusty cry. Pain is his first experience. Most primitive societies, and even modern fraternal organizations make use of pain in their initiation rites. Churchill turned to masterful account the psychology of pain, when in England's crisis during the last war he promised the British people nothing but "blood, sweat, and tears."

Dead Issues

But once pain has accomplished its purpose, it should be discarded. It is the harking back to the searing fires that effected our liberation that turns us, like Lot's wife, into pillars of salt. The mother who can never forget the pains of childbirth; the man whose labored and grudging kindness has met with "nothing but ingratitude"; the nun who is constantly haunted by the "sacrifices" she made for her vocation; the wife who broods over the career she gave up for marriage; the nationalist who, generations after his country has been granted autonomy, persists in an attitude of bitter resentment against an erstwhile oppressor; all of these individuals are taking among dead stubble. The harvest has been reaped, the field lies barren. There is no fruit there for them. The sense of their own importance has eaten away any fruit that might have resulted from whatever measure of selflessness their sacrifice, or that of their forefathers, may have involved. Small wonder that they feel they have given too much for too little. Their sacrifices were laid, not on the altar of charity, but before the shrine of self-love. They have become pilgrims of the blind alley, martyrs of the fruitless cause.

Romanticism

It is this sense of self-importance that lies at the root of the perversion of the gift of pain. This weakness has undoubtedly been with man since the fall of Adam. The Middle Ages, for all their robust realism and active faith, must surely have had their share of doleful exhibitionism. Any undue emphasis on extravagant suffering for its own sake, however, was promptly declared heretical. It was the Renaissance, with its accent on humanism, that really put human suffering on a pedestal, enshrining it as an esthetic and emotional objective. Perhaps the revival of the Greek tragedies had something to do with it. Comparison of Christ's sufferings with those of legendary pagan heroes like Prometheus, victims of vindictive gods, may have blurred the terrible significance of Our Lord's sacrifice. Even where God was still given lip-service, it was man, the tragic animal, who by the magnificence of his dreams was doomed to endure, through the limitations of his own nature, his perpetual failure to realize those dreams, and who, by a daemonic twist of logic, had become God's victim, it was this creature who captured the imagination and admiration of the romantics. Since suffering was the common denominator of heroism it became a fetish. Everything was steeped in its brackish waters. In fiction and drama no love was true unless it was unrequited or came to a tragic end. Romantic music became heavily freighted

with the burden of human pain. Poetry was riddled with the futile but oh-so-gallant gesture of rebellion.

It was the Renaissance that ushered in the custom of black vestments for Masses for the dead. Even certain Catholic hagiographers fell under the spell. And within the Faith self-pity was working its subtle ferment on individuals. They began to prefer their private disorders to the order of the Church. Finally, with their great show of self-righteousness, they asserted the supremacy of their own "lights" over the true Light of the Gentiles and the Glory of Israel, and broke away.

The elite of the world went about wrapped in a cloud of "divine" melancholy. And then the humble people, who had hitherto accepted suffering as part and parcel of the ministry of giving that implements the commandment to love one's neighbor as oneself, suddenly became aware of it as an indignity inflicted upon them by human injustice.

It is true that injustice existed, for one of the strange things about the cult of suffering is that it goes hand-in-hand with self-indulgence and lack of compassion. But what had happened to Our Lord's beatitude: "Blessed are ye who hunger and thirst after Justice for My sake"? It was buried under envy of the oppressors, with their exquisite manners, their silken culture, their pious faces, and their flinny hearts. Social hatreds were fomented. Revolution became the watch-word of the new martyr-minded masses.

The vestiges of sickly romanticism remain today in our operas, in our history books, in much of our fiction, in those interminable soap operas whose heroines suffer and suffer and suffer. It is in our sentimentality and our sympathy for the under-dog. It colors much of our private thinking.

The New Slavery

But there is a new, less romantic incentive for the martyr complex. The martyr complex is a disorder of the slave-mentality, and man has become the victim of the machine. Under the relentless economic demand to keep his head above water, he finds himself inhibiting friendliness and compassion. His plight is truly deplorable. The farther he moves from God the more he is cut off from his fellowmen, the more he turns his vision inward. He has lost his sense of community.

The city crowds in which he huddles are a pathetic conglomeration of stony-faced units, bound together by nothing but the physical exigency of the moment, each hugging to himself a dogged detachment from "these awful people," each determined not to lose his grip on the defenses he has raised against them:

the unseeing stare, the vacuous preoccupation, the brusque impatience, the air of desperate hurry, the pitiless indifference.

Each individual is swamped with his own troubles. He has no time for anyone else's. Time, which was once considered another of God's bounties, whose passing was proclaimed by church bells for everyone's benefit, is now considered a private possession. Everybody carries his own on his wrist. He resents every moment spent outside of his own insatiable demands for self-gratification. Because he feels little beyond his personal sense of injury and his urgency to grab what satisfaction he can, he has become amenable to any propaganda that would pit nation against nation, race against race, class against class, and man against man.

Reaction

There is a strong reaction today against the outward manifestation of morbid self-pity. For the hope in man's power to extricate himself from his dilemma still persists. This is but another facet of the same malady, for humanism is still paramount, and if it does not wear a long face outwardly, it is only because it has gone out of style. Every social uplifter has his own panacea for the ills that afflict humanity. The only common bond lies in the injunction to "keep smiling." "Persecution complex" is the withering diagnosis pronounced glibly upon the bewailer of his woes.

The trouble with this reaction is that much of it is founded upon a new idolatry—material well-being. Since the nature of this well-being depends upon our being free from any discomfort, the gift of pain, insofar as is humanly possible, has been rejected. It has become imperative to assume a blind, determined optimism which is frequently a mask for despair. We dare not suffer. We shut out the suffering of those about us with lies. The dying are told that they will get well, the poor that they will get rich, the rich that they are happy.

Edwin Arlington Robinson has given us a prototype of this ghastly geniality in his poem "Richard Cory"—a man who was admired, respected, and benignly envied by the community he charmingly patronized, for he was "rich, yes richer than a king—and admirably schooled in every grace."

And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

The Face of Reality

Modern society is lost in the confusion of conflicting values, sore with the mounting indignities of inhuman living, torn be-

tween breaking down, once for all, and acknowledging it can't be borne any more, or keeping up the farcical laughter of despair. In the face of this, is it the Christian formula to "keep smiling"?

Leon Bloy has set the crazy juxtaposition of courses straight in one sentence: "The only tragedy is not to be a saint." And to be a saint is not to search frantically for happiness, nor to make great gestures of renunciation, nor to exhibit one's wounds to the world. The Christian is vitally *concerned* with the plight of his contemporaries. And his concern, because it is prompted by love and compassion, is painful. But he cannot shut himself off from this pain by retreating to a never-never land of ineffectual grief or callous cheeriness. We shall all go to Heaven together or we shall all go to Hell together. The Christian must face reality, and it is the honest, open face of reality that he will wear. He acknowledges the fact of human suffering, but he clears the air of the victim psychology by also acknowledging the fact that each one of us, insofar as he is *voluntarily* bound up with the flight from reality, is in a large measure responsible for it. Above all, he acknowledges God's infinite mercy through the supernatural virtues of faith and hope and love. To put into practice what he believes will entail going against everything our contemporary civilization stands for. It may mean martyrdom, but it will be real martyrdom, clean and searing and fruitful, and not its pampered, whining, sterile counterfeit.

The Light Burden

Saints are formed by God out of those who love Him and seek His Kingdom by the acceptance and right use of every gift he sends. And if the gift be pain, the enormity of the distinction conferred in being given a gift which He has hallowed by His participation in it must be met with the most profound humility and simplicity. It is a visitation, an invitation to a mystical communion, and the response can only be: "Lord, I am not worthy . . . but only say the word and my soul shall be healed."

But not embittered, not soured. The soul of a saint is a limpid well of joy, and suffering only deepens the well. He knows joy because he has found it in the acceptance of the Cross of One Who said: "Follow Me, for My burden is light and My yoke is sweet."

ELAINE MALLEY

This is the Age of the Refugee.
Be generous to the BISHOPS' FUND FOR VICTIMS OF WAR COLLECTION
in your parish so that the homeless, destitute and driven may not be forsaken.

Pride

A jewel observed its radiant spark:
 "I am the light," it cried.
 But the sun went down, and the jewel was dark:
 "I've burnt out the sun," it sighed.

Covetousness

Deep in myself will I bury the earth:
 And the stars will I also own.
 Honors I'll have, and power, and mirth:
 For myself—and myself alone.

Lust

My sister, Love, is called Divine:
 While I am called Obsession.
 Her lovers, Lord, are also Thine:
 But mine—are *my* possessions.

Anger

I am the sharp, hard sword
 Which flashes to guard or kill:
 I am shield in the hands of the Lord—
 And point for the obdurate will.

Gluttony

'Tis I am the rollicking, jocular rogue,
 As merry as ever you please;
 I wine and dine in the latest vogue
 With my daughters, Dolt and Disease.

Envy

They call me the Dark Magician
 (He of the rivéd tongue).
 I breathe upon fame and position,
 And lo! they are ashes and dung.

Sloth

Denial is the name I bear:
 I've a negative disposition.
 More ultimate regret, I swear,
 Dogs me than crime: omission!

WILLIAM E. WALSH

Thomism and Law

THE NATURE OF LAW
 By Thomas E. Davitt, S.J., Ph.D.
 Herder, \$4.00

This is one of the most solid works on the nature of law that has ever appeared since the Middle Ages. The author divides the book into

two parts. The first part treats of those Catholic writers who maintain the primacy of the *will* in the concept of law; the second treats of those who maintain the primacy of the *intellect* in the concept of law. To the former belong Henry of Ghent, John Duns Scotus, William Ockham, Gabriel Biel, Alphonse de Castro, and Francis Suarez; to the latter, Albert the Great, Thomas Aquinas, Thomas de Vio (Cajetan), Dominic Soto, Bartholomew Medina, and Robert Bellarmine. Each of these twelve prominent thinkers is treated in a special chapter. The reader can imagine for himself what tremendous labor the author has put into the making of this book. It is a meaty book, not easy to read; but it amply rewards anyone who has the patience to wade through it. I cannot give a synopsis of the book, because the book itself is a synopsis of what those great thinkers have thought on the nature of law. I can only give some of the reflections that have arisen in my mind on reading it.

1.

First of all, the author has a very lofty idea of the concept of law. Instead of thinking of it as a servant of temporary human interests, the author sees it as rooted in the divine ordering and governance of all things, thus deriving its dignity from divine wisdom itself. As he says in all sobriety, "The concept of law is one of the noblest ever to enter the life of man. Its end is to remake man, to make man good. It is law which means the difference between disorder and order, between wrong and right, between bad and good, between injustice and justice, between war and peace. Yes, it is that without which man can never hope to understand even himself. For it is only through the concept of law that he is able to grasp fully his participation in the divine ordering and governance of all things, the eternal law." It seems to me that any future philosophy of law worthy of its name must start with this initial insight. The immediate ends of law, it is true, have to do with the material and social well-being of mankind; but it must always be kept in mind that the ultimate end of law cannot be other than the ultimate end of man, which is God. Legal thought in the last few centuries has alternated between an emphasis on the individual and an emphasis on society. At present there is a dangerous tendency toward sacrificing individual interests at the altar of social interests. This is due to a fundamental error: the unwarranted identification of "social good" with the "common good." We are too apt to forget that God is above both the individual and the community. To make an idol of the individual leads to anarchism; but to make an idol of the community leads to totalitarianism. Saint Thomas never swerves from the *via media* between Scylla and Charybdis, because he always fixes his eyes on God. On the one hand, he did say, "Private good is subordinated to the end of the common: for the being of a part is for the sake of

the being of the whole: hence the race is more godlike than the good of the individual man." (Saint Thomas Aquinas, *Of God and His Creatures: An Annotated Translation of Summa Contra Gentiles* by Joseph Rickaby, S.J., p. 197). The thing to note carefully is that immediately upon the heels of this sentence follows the most noteworthy remark: "But the sovereign good, which is God, is the common good, since the good of the whole community depends on Him: while the goodness which marks any given thing is its own private good, and also the good of other things which depend upon it. All things therefore are subordinate to the end of one good, which is God" (Ibid., p. 197).

While the teleology of law is not fully developed in the book under review, it is nevertheless one of its great merits that it points out that the nature of law cannot be intelligently treated without taking into account the end that it serves. Thus, juridical ontology and juridical teleology are woven into one whole.

2.

Concerning the two concepts of law, the author sums them up in a few masterful strokes. "In the one, law is an act of the intellect because law is concerned with the relation and order of means necessary for an end, and only the intellect can perceive such a relation. Obligation, consequently, is founded upon this relation. In the other concept, law is an act of the will because the establishment of such a relation of order must be the work of the will, there being no intellect after the election to which this ordering could be attributed. Hence obligation can have no source but the will itself" (p. 219). These two views reflect an even more fundamental divergence of views concerning man. To the one, man is primarily a rational animal; to the other, man is primarily a free-willing animal. The fact, of course, is that both freedom and reason are necessary to the making of law. But they are necessary in different senses: freedom is the *condition sine qua non* of all juridical order, whereas reason constitutes the very *essence* of it. In the making of law, therefore, both the intellect and the will participate. Even in the application of law, the intellect must co-operate; for judicial process does not work like a slot-machine. The author, if I am not mistaken, is inclined to give superiority to the intellect. As he says rightly, "Without information by the intellect, the will is not the will but only a confused appetite. This fact necessitates a mutual interrelation between the intellect and the will" (p. 221). But since both are necessary, it seems the part of good sense not to waste too much time on considering which is the superior of the two. It would be more profitable to study objectively what part each of them actually plays in the making and enforcement of the law.

Saint Thomas does not take sides so neatly as the division of the book would lead one to think. As the author knows very well, according to Saint Thomas, it is nobler to have knowledge of those objects which are beneath us than to have love for them; whereas, with regard to those objects which are above us, it is nobler to love them than to know them. In dealing with law, we cannot assert sweepingly and dogmatically as to whether the will or the intellect is nobler. Law is the willed ordination of means to an end. So far as it has to do with the means, which are beneath us, to know them is nobler than to love them. But so far as it has to do with the end, which is above us, the will would seem to be

nobler than the intellect. Now, in the concrete juridical reality, means and end, love and knowledge, intellect and will, are all fused together into one living process.

Since Saint Thomas does justice to both the will and the intellect, it is misleading to put him into the category of those who maintain the primacy of the intellect in the concept of law. In fact, the author's own view tends toward a healthy synthesis. "If the multiplicity involved in these various questions is ever to be reduced to unity, it must be done by some unifying principle. And this unifying principle can only be the true nature of man, of his intellect and will" (p. 228). But this is Thomism to boot. Such being the case, it is not quite objective to make Saint Thomas appear as though he were exclusively intellectualistic. His is neither voluntarism nor intellectualism. He is above both, being a veritable embodiment of Catholicity.

3.

The concluding remarks of the author are truly inspiring. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting them at length for the benefit of the reader:

Saint Thomas' philosophy of law and obligation has never had the proponent and advocate that Scotus' philosophy has had in a man like Suarez. No one has yet written a truly Thomistically inspired *De Legibus* of the scope and influence of Suarez' work. The complete presentation of Saint Thomas' concept of law and obligation as founded upon his philosophy of intellect and will is the great work yet to be done.

Hence, what Professor Gilson has said in regard to Saint Thomas' philosophy of existence seems quite true also of Saint Thomas' philosophy of law. Whatever be the reasons, Professor Gilson says, "it is a fact that the example given by Saint Thomas Aquinas has found but few imitators. Many have commented on him, but few have followed him. The only manner of truly following him would be to re-do his work such as he himself would do today, starting from the same principles and going further than he did, in the same direction and on the same road that he has already opened (p. 229).

My own suspicion is that Saint Thomas was such a great philosopher of law because he knew the mind of Christ so intimately. Christ being the Divine Word, the eternal law itself is appropriated to Him. As Man, He compared Himself with "a Scribe steeped in the kingdom of heaven." And what is a Scribe but a lawyer? If, therefore, anyone wishes to follow Saint Thomas, he must follow him in drinking at the Living Source of wisdom, which is none other than Christ.

JOHN C. H. WU

Inspiring

ST. BERNARD ON THE LOVE OF GOD
By Rev. Terence L. Connolly, S.J.
Newman, \$2.75

Clairvaux and all that he represents has increased tremendously. It is

In recent years, thanks to the progressive insights of Father Louis Merton, interest in Saint Bernard of

therefore good that this selection from his sermons has been made available once more.

The book was originally intended to help students of the poetry of Coventry Patmore who drew much of his inspiration from Saint Bernard's writings. But in view of today's increased interest, we feel that this reprint of a 1937 publication would have been greatly improved by a new preface giving an insight into the great part played by Saint Bernard in the development of Western spiritual thought and monastic life.

The volume contains his Treatise on the Love of God and fragments from his homilies on the Canticle of Canticles.

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

A Philosophy of History

THE MEANING OF CIVILIZATION
By Bohdan Chudoba
Kenedy, \$4.00

This book, the work of a great Catholic scholar, now resident in this country and teaching at Iona College, New Rochelle, New York, is a fitting one to be reviewed in an issue of *Integrity* devoted to the Cross. Dr. Chudoba is an historian who has taken as this thesis the idea that history truly seen must be studied in the light of Christ's coming to earth, His death, Resurrection and Ascension.

In his foreword he notes that his book, aimed particularly against those who conceive of history as an evolutionary progress toward some mystical perfection, will evoke sharp criticism from those who feel he has overstated the case for Christianity and understated the values of ancient civilizations.

The reader of *Integrity*, I am sure, will be amazed at the amount of scholarship piled into this one volume. I found the first chapters hard going but the last section was truly a delight. With a wonderful ability to sum up philosophies and events, Dr. Chudoba seems to touch upon so many fields and to bring light to an understanding of them all. I am sure that even Catholic scholars will find themselves in disagreement here and there with his conclusions but no one will be able to dismiss his arguments lightly.

History according to Cicero is the handmaid of philosophy and in this book Dr. Chudoba is really developing a philosophy of history, something on which he had worked for many years before coming to this country. His conclusions were thought out under the shadow of the tremendous disruptions brought by the Second World War. He describes how he rode in the fields of Czechoslovakia, close to the woods of the frontier districts of Southern Moravia day after day, hammering out his views.

My feeling is that he overplays the importance of purely intellectual knowledge and understates by omission the place of hand or craft knowledge. There is also an overemphasis on the place of industrialism in the world economy and a lack of appreciation of peasant values. But don't let these minor criticisms deter you from reading the book. It is a great piece of scholarship and we can hardly conceive of any Catholic history teacher failing to recommend it to students at least for supplementary reading.

ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

The Apostolate of the Kitchen

COOKBOOK FOR FRIDAYS AND LENT
By Irma Rhode
With an Introduction by
Robert I. Gannon, S.J.
McKay, \$3.00

For some people it is easy to fast during Lent; for others it's a real penance. But the ingenuity of every cook is taxed to think up new recipes and menus for all of the meatless days. (My own Lent has been one long series of avocado sandwiches, spaghetti with tomato sauce and tuna fish salads.)

This year, I am going to have *variety*, with the help of the new cook book most fortuitously published just before Lent and entitled *Cookbook for Fridays and Lent*. This book was written by Irma Rhode, manager of the Employees' Cafeteria in a large department store in Philadelphia.

Miss Rhode doesn't leave any food course to chance. She starts with *hors d'oeuvres* and ends with desserts; and at the end, she provides menus for the six weeks of Lent and for Fridays during the four seasons of the year.

Between the *hors d'oeuvres* and the desserts is a wonderful array of fish dishes, egg dishes, cheese dishes and salads; and all sorts of sauce and salad dressing recipes to dress up your meal. The directions are easy to follow, and you should have no trouble, even with that old stumbling block for cooks, hollandaise sauce.

Now that spices and herbs have become so fashionable for cooking, it may not be necessary to suggest that you have a good supply of them in your spice cupboard if you use this book. Miss Rhode doesn't use a heavy hand with spices, but you will find a pinch of marjoram, saffron, thyme, rosemary or nutmeg mentioned in many of the recipes. Don't be afraid of using them, for they enhance almost any dish.

This is the third cook book that has been published within the last few years that is intended for the Catholic housewife, the forgotten woman of the lay apostolate. Besides this, there are Florence Berger's *Cooking for Christ*, published by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference; and *Faith Day Cookbook*, by Katherine Burton and Helmut Ripperger, published last year by the David McKay Co. I think every Catholic housewife should have at least one of these cook books in her home. The idea of a Christian revolution emanating from the kitchen is not nearly so incongruous as it may seem to some people. The Christian mother can make feast days and fast days more real to her family by following the liturgy not only at Mass but in the daily preparation of meals.

A tip also to pastors—one of these cook books, given in the apostolic spirit to brides, might go far toward keeping Christ in the home.

This particular cook book does not have the beautiful running commentary on the liturgy that Florence Berger's *Cooking for Christ* has. It does have a nice introduction by Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J., in which he outlines the days of fast and abstinence and gives a history of the Church's laws on these matters. He also warns us that we have come a long way from bread and water to caviar and frogs' legs, and soon, he says, "the only thing left us of the ancient discipline will be a pure intention."

MARY ELEANOR JONES

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